GOLD KEY
M.A.R.S. PATROL
12c
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M.A.R.S.* PATROL
TOTAL WAR
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The invaders strike to capture America's hottest weapons defended by the men from M.A.R.S.*
*Marine Attack Rescue Service

M.A.R.S. PATROL
TOTAL WAR

SURVIVAL FOR SOLDIERS

Under combat conditions, the airborne soldier occasionally finds himself completely cut off in a jungle or wilderness.

Key to survival is the emergency pack which includes radio, knife, hatchet, concentrated rations and a sleeping bag.

A parachute makes an excellent cover for a tepee. Tent poles are cut from nearby trees. The steep pitch will shed the rain.

The marooned soldier can weave parachute lines into a gill net. The many wilderness streams will provide supplementary rations.

When stranded in deserted areas, the soldiers attract the attention of the search planes by digging trenches as markers.

M.A.R.S. PATROL TOTAL WAR

IT'S *CONDITION RED* FROM COAST TO COAST AS A MYSTERIOUS ENEMY LAUNCHES TREACHEROUS ATTACKS ON AMERICA BY LAND, SEA AND AIR! THE COUNTRY IS IN A PANIC! WHERE WILL THE INVADER STRIKE NEXT? CAN THE *FIGHTING FOUR MARS* COMBAT SPECIALISTS MEET THE CHALLENGE OF...

OPERATION COPPERHEAD

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AS THE MARS COMBAT TEAM REPORTS TO HEADQUARTERS...
ADVANCE COMBAT SQUAD READY FOR DUTY, GENERAL!
AT EASE, LIEUTENANT! THANKS TO YOUR SQUAD WE'VE CHECKED THE INVADER... FOR THE MOMENT!
BUT JUST THEN...
GENERAL KRIPPS, IT'S THE HOT LINE! AN ALERT FROM THE NEW ENGLAND SHIP COMPANY!
THE OUTFIT THAT BUILDS OUR ATOMIC SUBS!... PUT THEM ON!
THEN...
THAT'S RIGHT, GENERAL!... AN INVADER SPY! OUR SECURITY FORCES NAILED HIM HERE IN THE SHIPYARD!
OF COURSE, I'M SURE! YOU CAN'T MISTAKE THOSE BALDIES! BESIDES, WE FOUND PLANS FOR OUR LATEST TYPE OF NUCLEAR SUB ON HIS BODY!
THE PENTAGON ORDERED ME TO REPORT THIS TO MARS! BUT I THINK WE CAN HANDLE IT OURSELVES!
THIS MAY BE BIGGER THAN YOU THINK, COMMANDER! I'M SENDING SOMEONE FROM MARS COMMAND AT ONCE!

YOU HEARD, LIEUTENANT! I SHOULD SEND YOUR ENTIRE SQUAD TO ANSWER THIS EMERGENCY! BUT THE INVADER MIGHT STRIKE ELSEWHERE AT ANY MOMENT!
AND THE REST OF THE MARS FORCE IS GUARDING OTHER SECRET INSTALLATIONS.

A SWIFT JOURNEY BY JET PLANE BRINGS KEN HIRO TO THE SHIPYARD...

SERGEANT, I'M SURE MY SECURITY FORCES CAN HANDLE THIS PROBLEM. AFTER ALL, THEY DID KILL THAT SPY!
BUT HE DID SLIP THROUGH YOUR PATROLS, SIR! AND HE WAS CARRYING THE PLANS OF A NUCLEAR SUB!

I THINK YOU'RE JUMPING THE GUN, SERGEANT! BUT THE PENTAGON SAYS YOU HAVE A BLANK CHECK AND THE RUN OF THE SHIPYARD!
FINE, SIR! WITH YOUR PERMISSION I'D LIKE TO VISIT ONE OF THE ADVANCED NUCLEAR SUBS!

SOON, WITHIN THE CONTROL ROOM OF THE GIANT SUB...

THIS VESSEL IS EQUIPPED WITH EVERY ELECTRONIC DEVICE FOR DETECTION AND ATTACK! SONAR, RADAR... YOU NAME IT!
WE EVEN HAVE SECURITY DEVICES TO DETECT ANYONE APPROACHING THE HULL UNDERWATER!

SUDDENLY...

SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE, SIR! EVERY ELECTRONIC DEVICE IN THE CONTROL ROOM HAS GONE HAYWIRE!
I THINK WE'D BETTER GET OUT ON DECK AND INVESTIGATE, SIR!

As they emerge on deck...

LET'S NOT HIT THE PANIC BUTTON, SERGEANT! THIS SUB HAS BEEN ON A SIX-MONTHS ARCTIC CRUISE! HER ELECTRONIC CIRCUITS PROBABLY NEED REPAIR!
COULD BE, SIR.

BUT THERE'S ALWAYS THE DANGER OF SABOTAGE, SIR...I HAVE MY FROGMAN OUTFIT! I'D LIKE TO EXAMINE THE OUTER HULL OF THE SHARK!
IT'S HIGHLY IRREGULAR, BUT IF YOU INSIST...

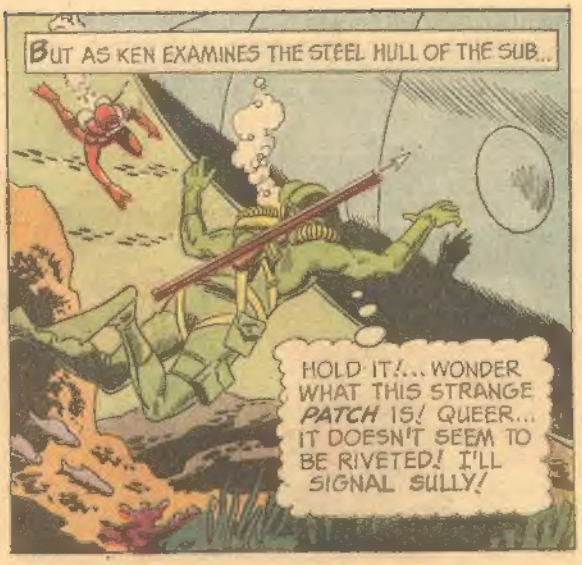
But after Ken dons his diving outfit in a nearby building...

SGT. HIRO, THIS IS NAT SULLY, A NAVY DIVER! I'VE DETAILED HIM TO HELP YOU!
HM! KNIFE! SPEARGUN... LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING BUT CHOP-STICKS, MR. MOTO.

OLD JAPANESE PROVERB SAY. "FISH WITH BIG MOUTH SOON CATCH RIGHT HOOK!"
RELAX, TIGER. NO OFFENSE MEANT! ...LET'S GET STARTED IF WE'RE GOING TO DIVE!

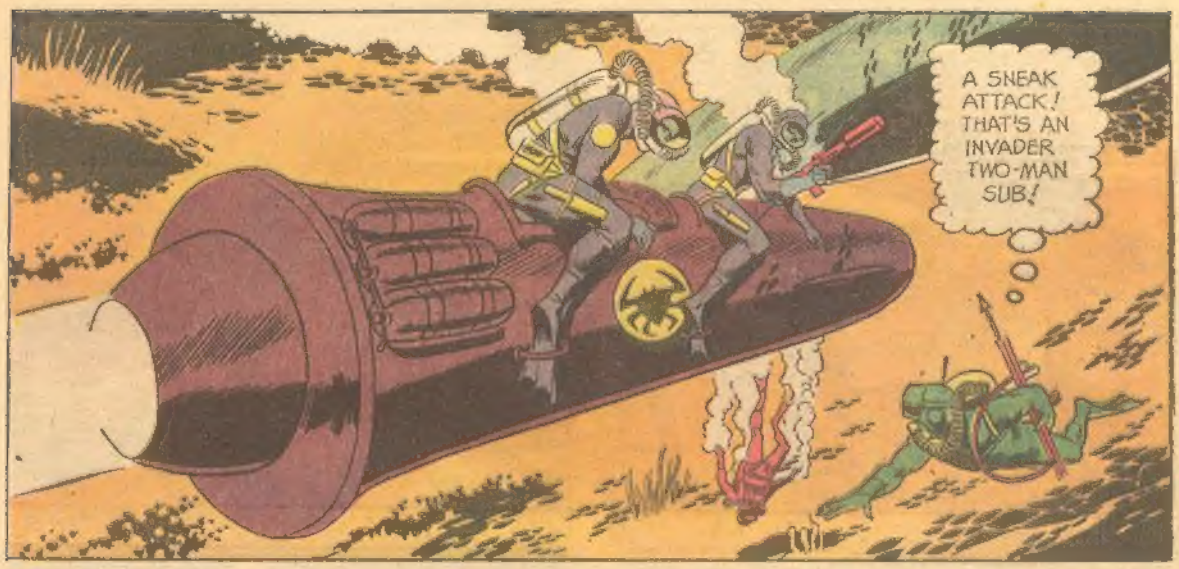
As Ken reaches into one of the pockets in his suit...

HEY, WHAT'S WITH THE PILL, SARGE? YOU GOT A HEADACHE?
THAT'S A SPECIAL CHEMICAL CAPSULE, SULLY! IT PROVIDES MY TANKS WITH A TWO-HOUR SUPPLY OF OXYGEN!

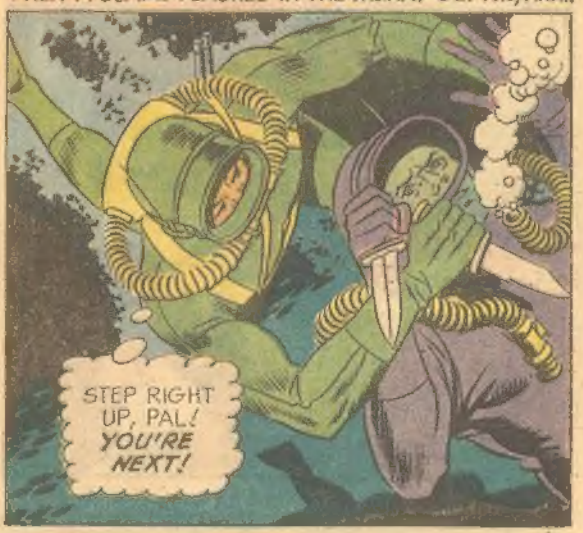

BUT AS KEN EXAMINES THE STEEL HULL OF THE SUB...
HOLD IT!... WONDER WHAT THIS STRANGE PATCH IS! QUEER... IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BE RIVETED! I'LL SIGNAL SULLY!

YEAH! I SEE THAT CRAB INSIGNIA! IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT THIS IS SOME KIND OF ELECTRONIC SCRAMBLER THAT THE INVADERS PLANTED TO MESS UP THE SUB'S DETECTION DEVICES!... BUT WHY?

AT THAT INSTANT KEN GETS HIS ANSWER...

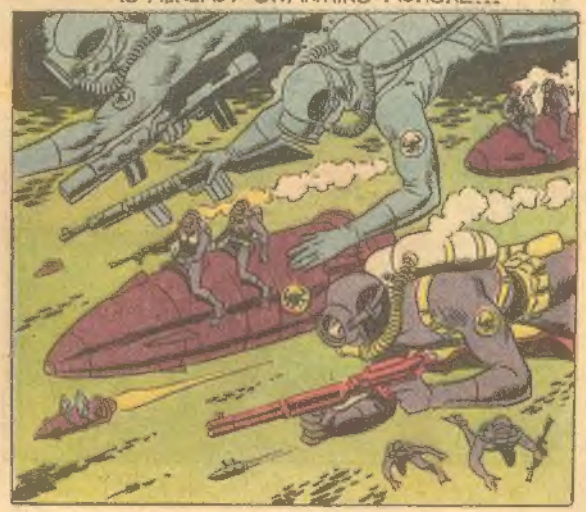


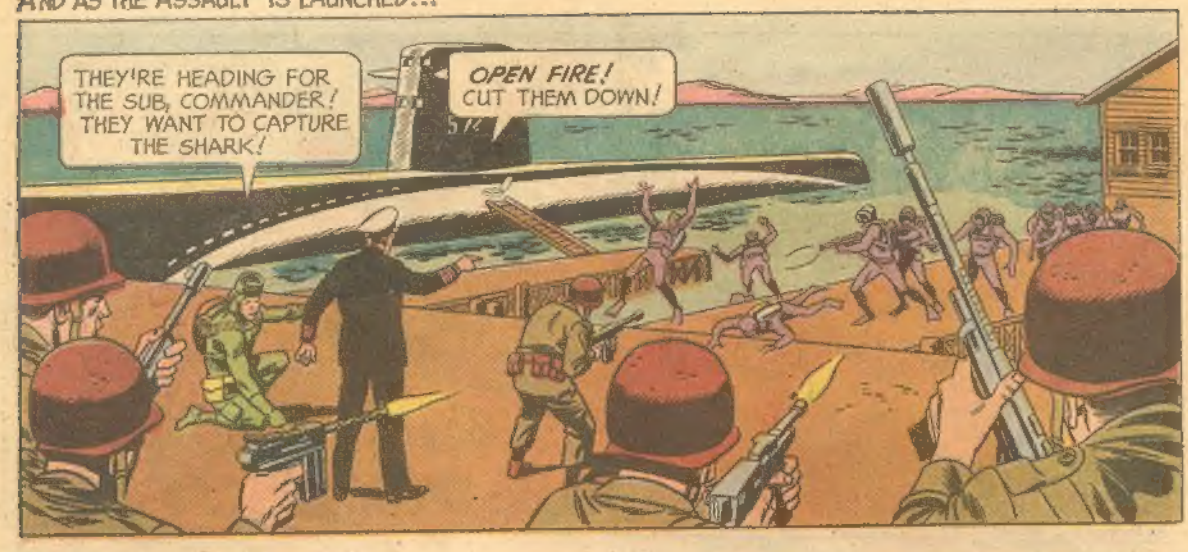
THEN A BLADE FLASHES IN THE MURKY DEPTHS, AND...



INSTANTS LATER AS KEN FIGHTS TO THE SURFACE...

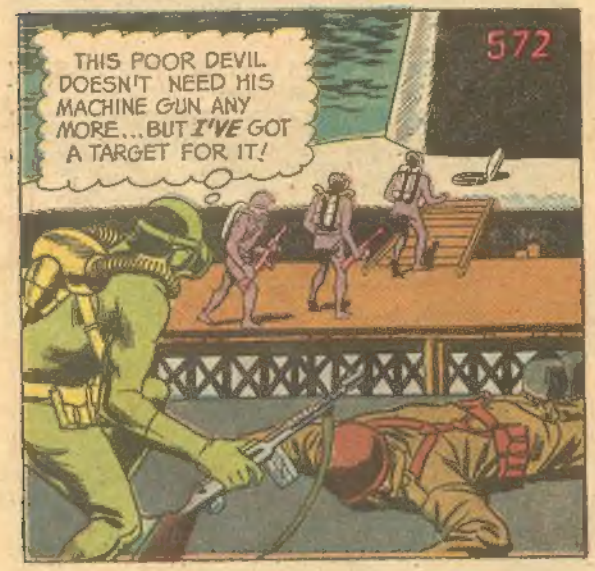
BUT THE WARNING COMES TOO LATE, FOR THE ENEMY IS ALREADY SWARMING ASHORE...




AND AS THE ASSAULT IS LAUNCHED...
THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE SUB, COMMANDER! THEY WANT TO CAPTURE THE SHARK!
OPEN FIRE! CUT THEM DOWN!

BUT SPLIT SECONDS LATER...
SMOKE GRENADES! THAT SMOKE SEEMS TO BE KNOCKING OUR MEN FOR A LOOP!

IT'S NERVE GAS! A WHIFF OF THAT STUFF COULD PARALYZE AND EVEN KILL! BUT MY OXYGEN SUPPLY WILL KEEP ME FROM BREATHING IT!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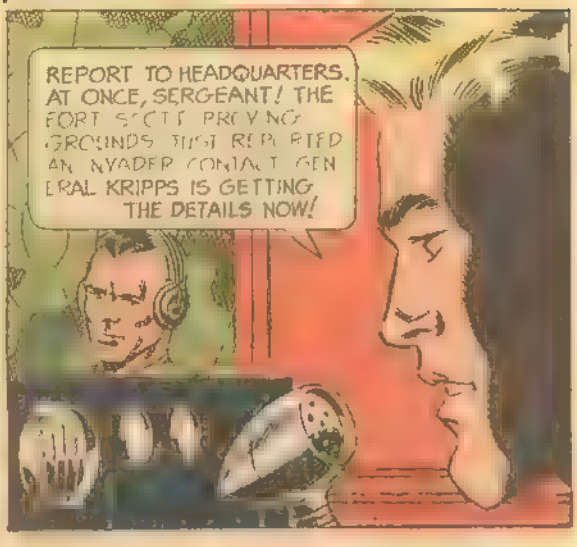
THIS POOR DEVIL DOESN'T NEED HIS MACHINE GUN ANY MORE...BUT I'VE GOT A TARGET FOR IT!

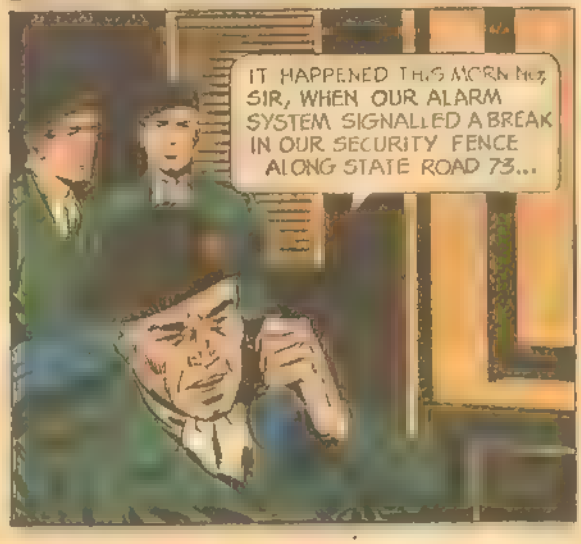
OKAY, YOU BUZZARDS! CLEAR THE DECK!
RAT-TAT-TAT!

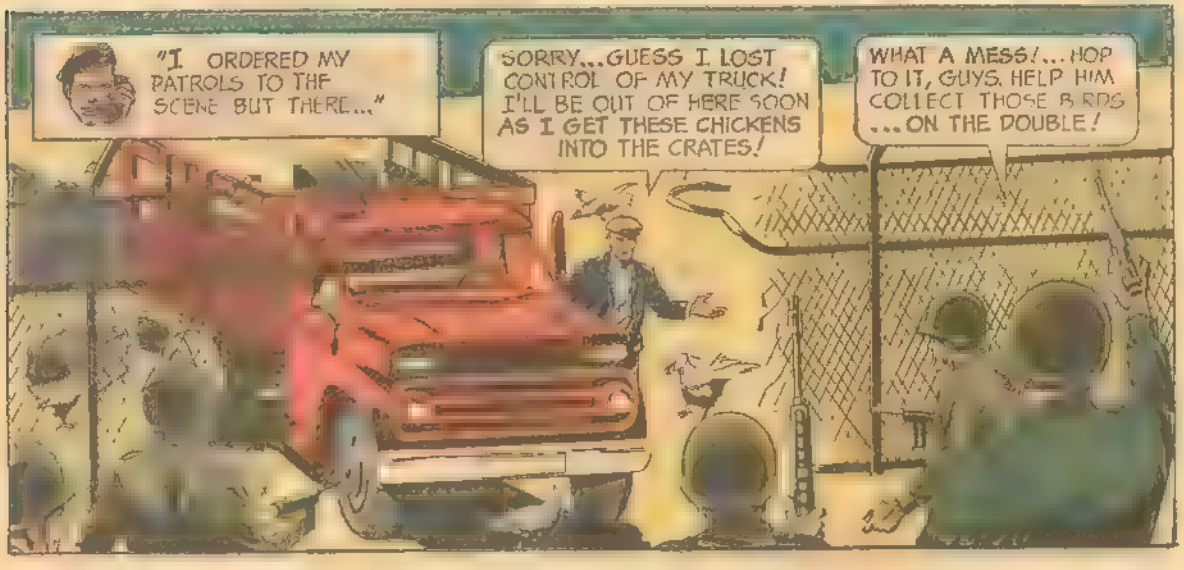
BUT GUNFIRE STILL ECHOES IN THE SHIPYARD...
HEADS DOWN! THEY'RE FIRING FROM BEHIND THE CRATES!
THEY DON'T SCARE ME! I'VE GOT A SECRET WEAPON!
CAN YOU TIE THAT? HE USED THE LEFT TRUCK AS A BATTERING RAM TO SMASH THOSE CRATES!
THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM... THEY'RE TAKING COVER BEHIND THAT BOAT!
THAT'S AN ESCORT VESSEL, READY FOR LAUNCHING!
CUT DOWN THOSE TIMBER BRACES! WE'RE LAUNCHING HER RIGHT NOW!
BUDDA! BUDDA!
WITH HER SUPPORTING TIMBERS SHATTERED, THE VESSEL THUNDERS DOWN THE WAYS...
EEYAAH!
AAAAAAGH!

AS KEN'S REPORT REACHES *MARS*...


REPORT TO HEADQUARTERS, AT ONCE, SERGEANT! THE FORT SCOTT PROVING GROUNDS JUST REPORTED AN INVADER CONTACT. GENERAL KRIPPS IS GETTING THE DETAILS NOW!

ONCE AGAIN THE HOT LINE BRINGS A GRIM STORY...




"I ORDERED MY PATROLS TO THE SCENE BUT THERE..."
SORRY...GUESS I LOST CONTROL OF MY TRUCK! I'LL BE OUT OF HERE SOON AS I GET THESE CHICKENS INTO THE CRATES!
WHAT A MESS!...HOP TO IT, GUYS. HELP HIM COLLECT THOSE BIRDS ...ON THE DOUBLE!

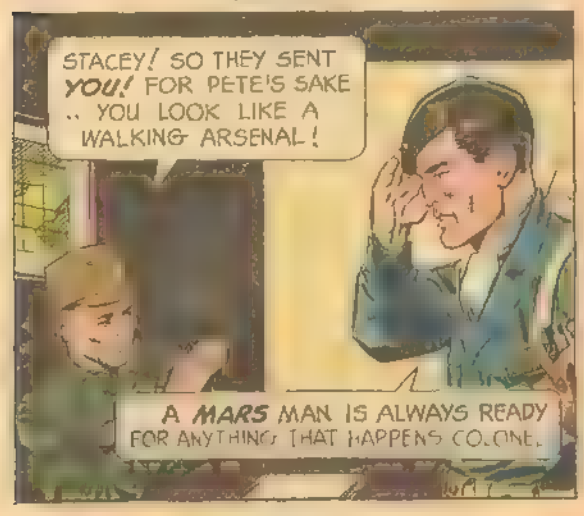
"BUT AFTER THE TRUCK LEFT..."

HEY, SARGE! LOOK A HERE! FRESH BOOTPRINTS... HEADING FOR THE TEST AREA
THAT TRUCK ACCIDENT WAS A DIVERSION TO SLIP AN INFILTRATOR INSIDE THE SECURITY FENCE!

AS THE FORT SCOTT COMMANDANT ENDS HIS STORY...

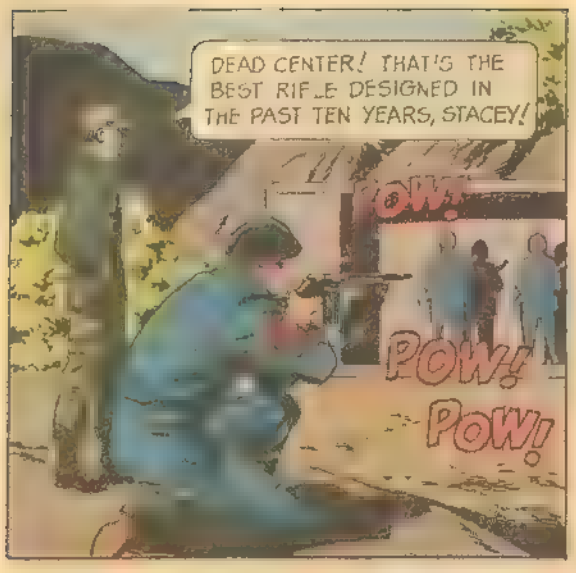
SOUNDS LIKE THE INVADERS MUST WANT SOMETHING YOU'VE GOT THERE AT THE PROVING GROUNDS, COLONEL! DOUBLE YOUR PATROLS TONIGHT...AND STAND BY! I'M SENDING OUR TOP WEAPONS EXPERT OUT THERE!

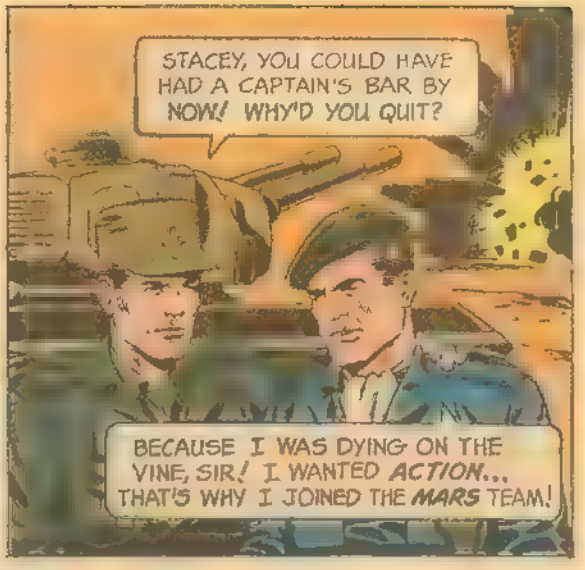
THE NEXT MORNING, AS THE MAN FROM *MARS* ARRIVES...


STACEY! SO THEY SENT *YOU!* FOR PETE'S SAKE .. YOU LOOK LIKE A WALKING ARSENAL!
A *MARS* MAN IS ALWAYS READY FOR ANYTHING THAT HAPPENS COLONEL

I WAS SENT HERE TO FIGURE OUT WHAT WEAPONS THE INFILTRATOR MIGHT BE AFTER! YOU SEE I'M A WEAPONS SPECIALIST!
SPECIALIST? DON'T BE SO MODEST, STACEY ...COME ON! I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING OUT ON THE TEST RANGE!

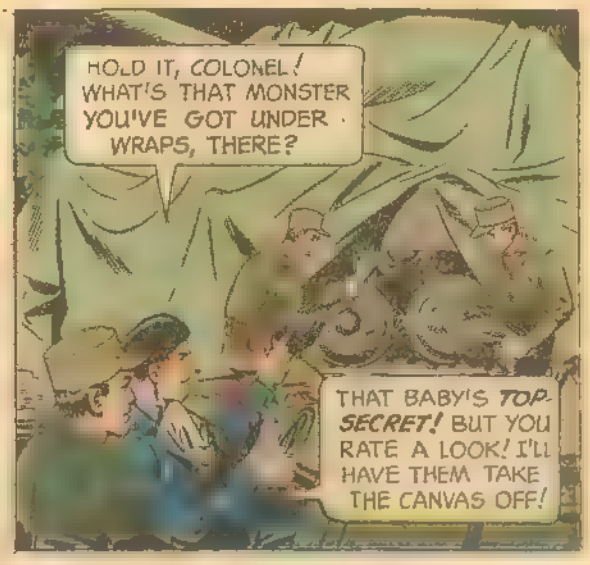
SOON AT THE RANGE...
FACE IT, STACEY, YOU WERE THE BEST *WEAPONS DESIGNER* WE HAD HERE AT FORT SCOTT!...THIS AUTOMATIC RIFLE WAS YOUR BABY! WANT TO TRY HER OUT?
DON'T MIND IF I DO, COLONEL!

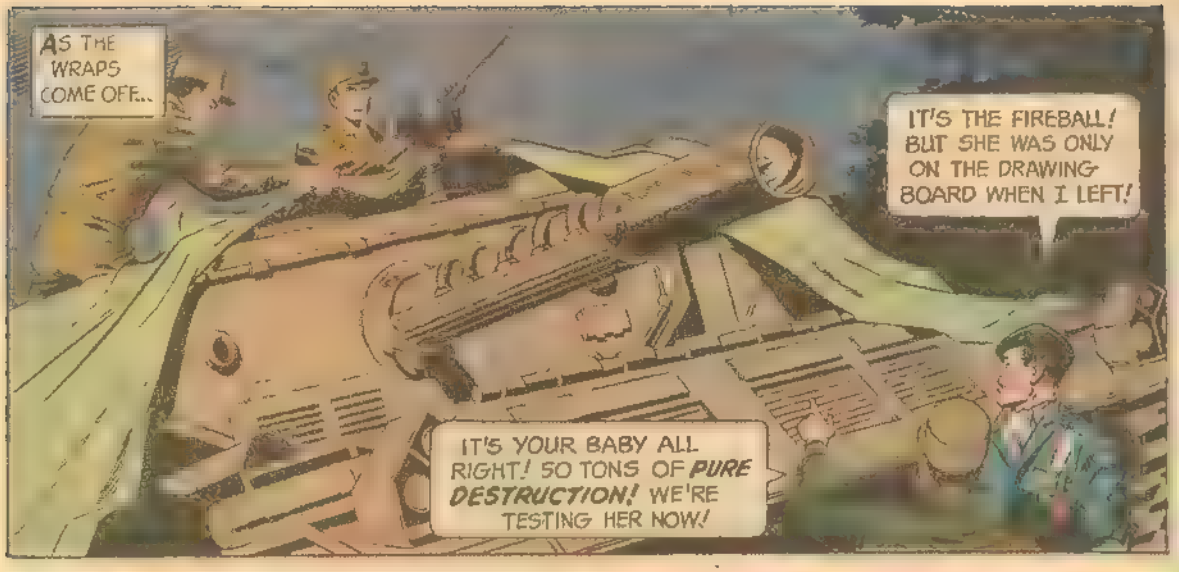

DEAD CENTER! THAT'S THE BEST RIFLE DESIGNED IN THE PAST TEN YEARS, STACEY!
POW!
POW!
POW!

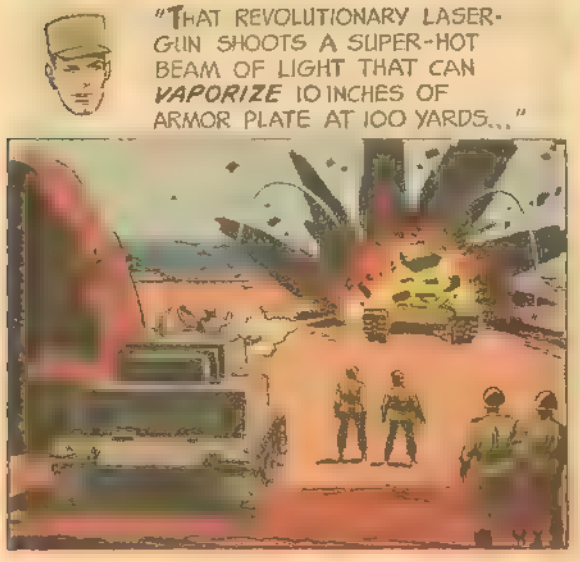

STACEY, YOU COULD HAVE HAD A CAPTAIN'S BAR BY NOW! WHY'D YOU QUIT?
BECAUSE I WAS DYING ON THE VINE, SIR! I WANTED ACTION... THAT'S WHY I JOINED THE MARS TEAM!

AND SPEAKING OF ACTION, SIR... THAT INFILTRATOR IS STILL AT LARGE!
YOU'RE RIGHT! COME ON, WE'LL CRUISE THROUGH THE PROVING GROUNDS! MY GUESS IS THAT THE INVADERS ARE INTERESTED IN ONE OF THE ADVANCED WEAPONS WE'RE TESTING!

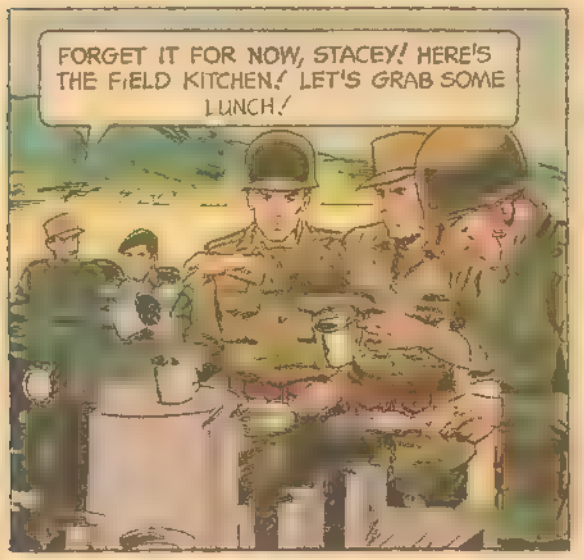
THEY COULD BE AFTER THAT ARMOR PIERCING RECOILLESS RIFLE OR THAT NEW GRENADE LAUNCHER!
SMALL STUFF! THEY'RE AFTER SOMETHING BIG!


HOLD IT, COLONEL! WHAT'S THAT MONSTER YOU'VE GOT UNDER WRAPS, THERE?
THAT BABY'S TOP SECRET! BUT YOU RATE A LOOK! I'LL HAVE THEM TAKE THE CANVAS OFF!


AS THE WRAPS COME OFF...
IT'S THE FIREBALL! BUT SHE WAS ONLY ON THE DRAWING BOARD WHEN I LEFT!
IT'S YOUR BABY ALL RIGHT! 50 TONS OF PURE DESTRUCTION! WE'RE TESTING HER NOW!


"THAT REVOLUTIONARY LASER-GUN SHOOTS A SUPER-HOT BEAM OF LIGHT THAT CAN VAPORIZE 10 INCHES OF ARMOR PLATE AT 100 YARDS..."

COLONEL, THE FIREBALL IS THE HOTTEST PIECE OF HARDWARE YOU'VE SHOWN ME! I THINK THAT'S WHAT THE INFILTRATOR IS AFTER!
BUT WE'VE GOT 100,000 ACRES FOR HIM TO HIDE IN! HOW DO WE SMOKE HIM OUT?


FORGET IT FOR NOW, STACEY! HERE'S THE FIELD KITCHEN! LET'S GRAB SOME LUNCH!

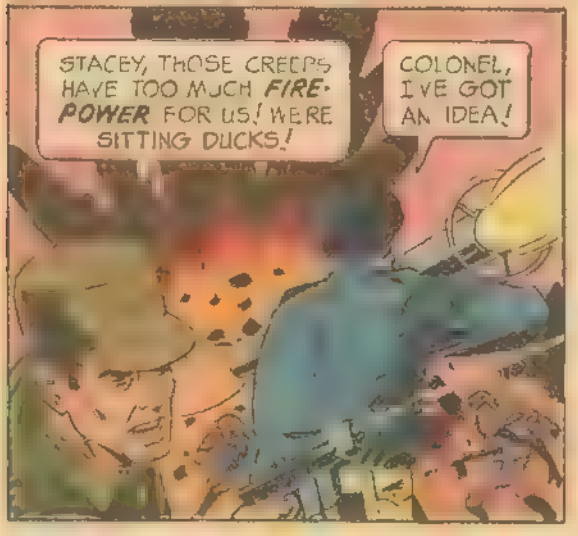
HOLD EVERYTHING, COLONEL! HOW COME THAT G.I. IS HEADING FOR THE FIREBALL WHEN ALL THE OTHERS ARE HEADING FOR THE CHOW LINE?
UH-OH! WE'D BETTER CHECK!

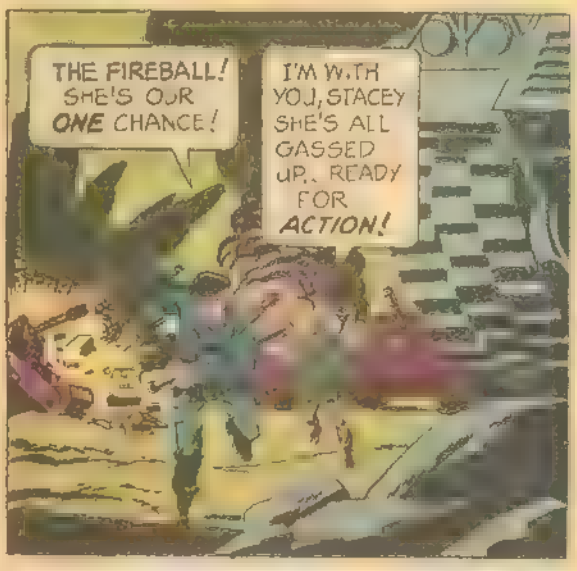
WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED!
HIT THE DIRT!
YOU MISSED, PAL... BUT I DIDN'T!
YOWWW!
POW! POW!
SCOUT TO COMMAND... INTERCEPTED FAILED TO REACH OBJECTIVE...
THAT BALD HEAD! HE WAS A CRAB INVADER! LOOKS LIKE HE CONTACTED HIS B ODES BEFORE HE D ED!
THEN THERE ARE OTHERS SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE... PROBABLY JUST WAITING TO ATTACK! BUT WHEN AND WHERE?
BUT AN ENEMY TASK FORCE IS ALREADY ON THE MOVE...
THEY GOT OUR SCOUT! BUT THERE'S STILL A CHANCE TO CAPTURE THAT ADVANCED WEAPON! WE'L ATTACK BEFORE THEY ARE PREPARED! FORWARD!
RESTR CTED AREA

SHORT MOMENTS LATER...

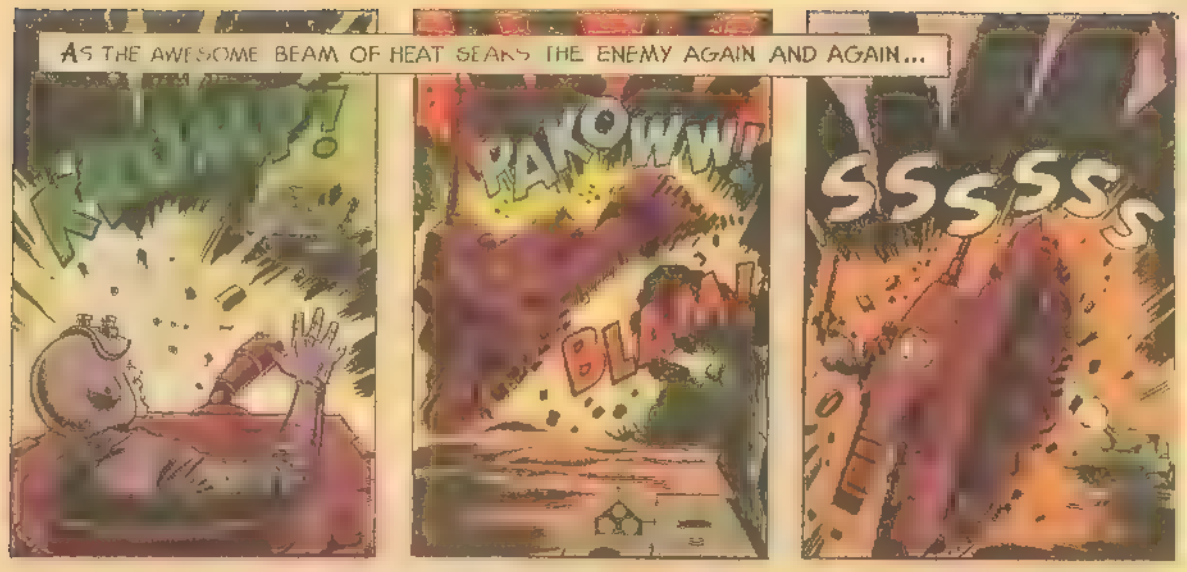
A STORM OF GRENADE AND ROCKET-FIRE GREETS THE INVADER TANKS...

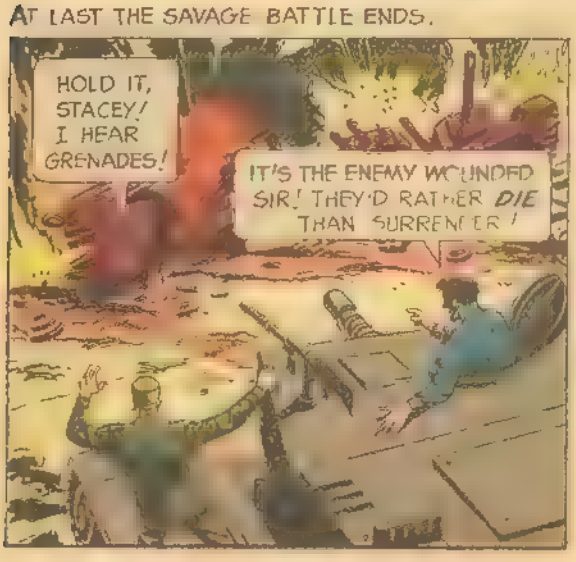
BUT THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT...





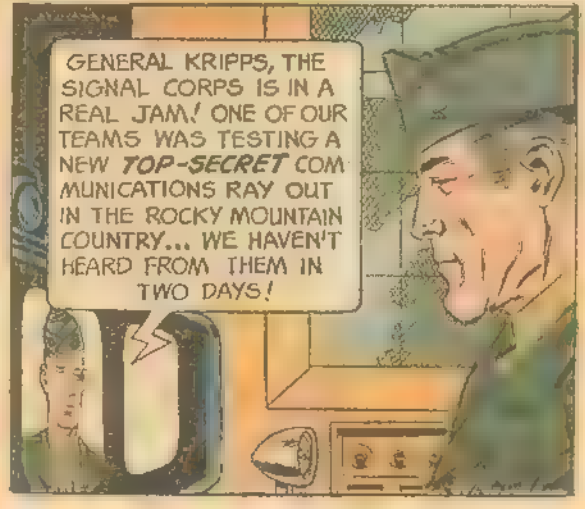
YOU TAKE THE CONTROLS, SIR! I'LL HANDLE THE LASER-GUN!
BA-LAM!
WE'RE SPOTTED! BETTER START MOVING OUT, COLONEL!
PA-KKOW!
BLAM!
HMMMMMM
GOT 'EM IN MY SIGHTS! I'LL GIVE THEM A BURST!
ON TARGET!
HSSSSS!
THE HEAT SET OFF THEIR AMMO...ONE DOWN, COLONEL! GIVE ME MORE TARGETS!
WHAM!

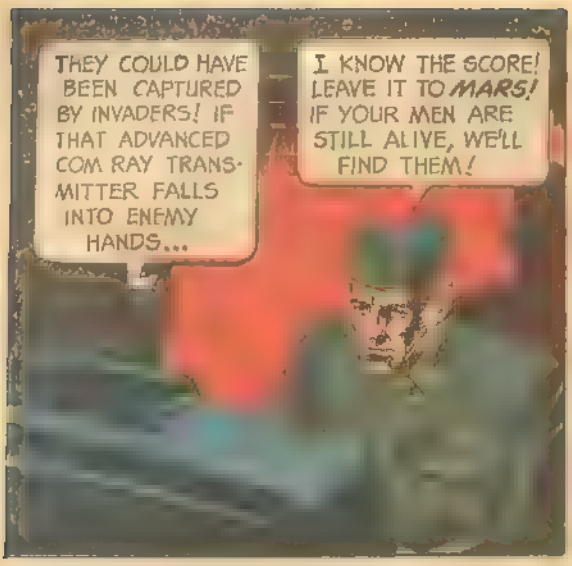

AS THE AWESOME BEAM OF HEAT SEARS THE ENEMY AGAIN AND AGAIN...
KRUMP!
RAKOWW!
BLAM!
SSSSSS


AT LAST THE SAVAGE BATTLE ENDS.
HOLD IT, STACEY! I HEAR GRENADES!
IT'S THE ENEMY WOUNDED SIR! THEY'D RATHER DIE THAN SURRENDER!

IT'S OVER! AND FRANKLY, STACEY, I'M GLAD YOU GAVE UP THAT DESK JOB TO BECOME A MAN OF ACTION!
THANKS, COLONEL! NOW, I'D BETTER REPORT TO MARS HEADQUARTERS!

BUT WHEN RUSS STACEY REPORTS...
GREAT WORK, RUSS! BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO HAND OUT MEDALS NOW! GET BACK HERE ON THE DOUBLE! THE EGG JUST HIT THE FAN AGAIN!

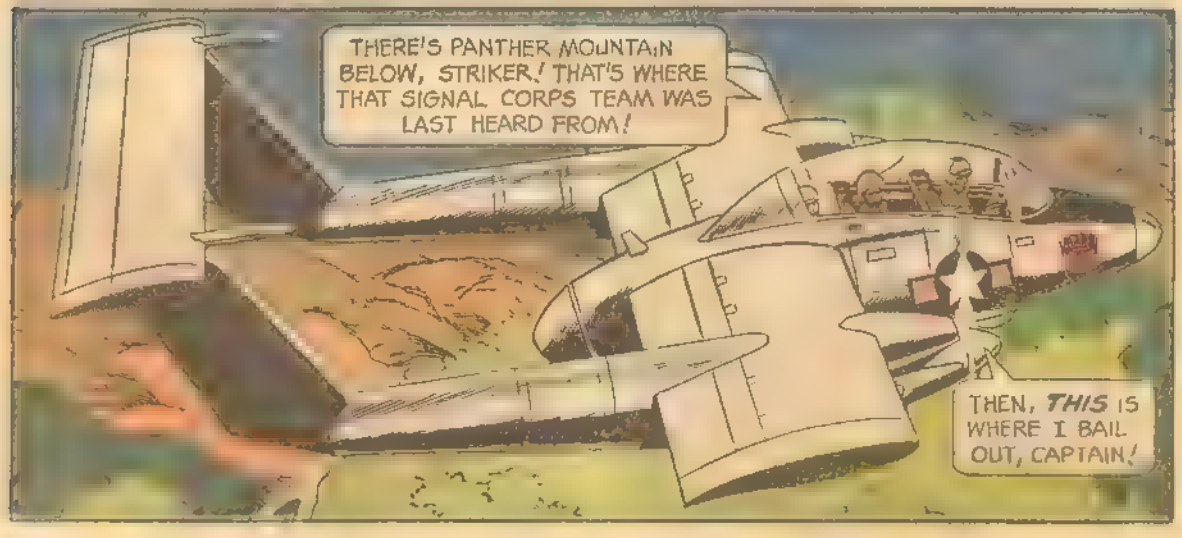

YES, MARS HAS BEEN NOTIFIED OF STILL AN OTHER EMERGENCY...
GENERAL KRIPPS, THE SIGNAL CORPS IS IN A REAL JAM! ONE OF OUR TEAMS WAS TESTING A NEW TOP-SECRET COMMUNICATIONS RAY OUT IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN COUNTRY... WE HAVEN'T HEARD FROM THEM IN TWO DAYS!


THEY COULD HAVE BEEN CAPTURED BY INVADERS! IF THAT ADVANCED COM RAY TRANSMITTER FALLS INTO ENEMY HANDS...
I KNOW THE SCORE! LEAVE IT TO MARS! IF YOUR MEN ARE STILL ALIVE, WE'LL FIND THEM!

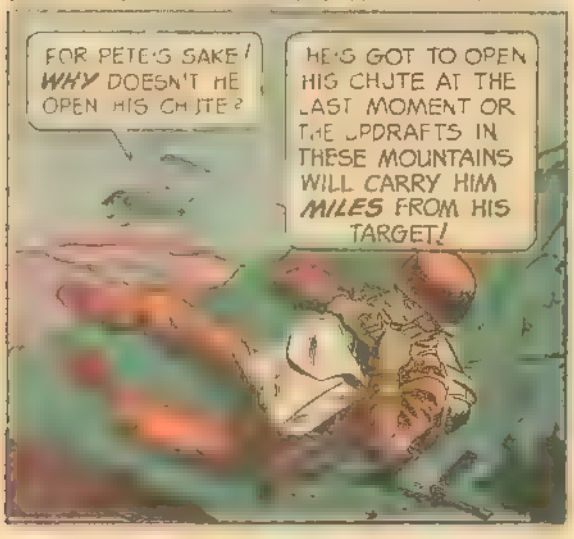
AS THE MARS COMMANDANT GIVES HIS ORDERS..

SERGEANT STRIKER, THE TEAM MIGHT BE LOST ANYWHERE IN THIS 1,000 SQUARE MILE AREA OF WILDERNESS! CAN YOU FIND THEM IF WE DROP YOU IN THERE?
I'M A MARINE, AND A PARATROOPER! I'LL TRY, SIR!

HOURS LATER, AS A MARS PLANE SKIMS THE MOUNTAIN PASSES...


THERE'S PANTHER MOUNTAIN BELOW, STRIKER! THAT'S WHERE THAT SIGNAL CORPS TEAM WAS LAST HEARD FROM!
THEN, THIS IS WHERE I BAIL OUT, CAPTAIN!

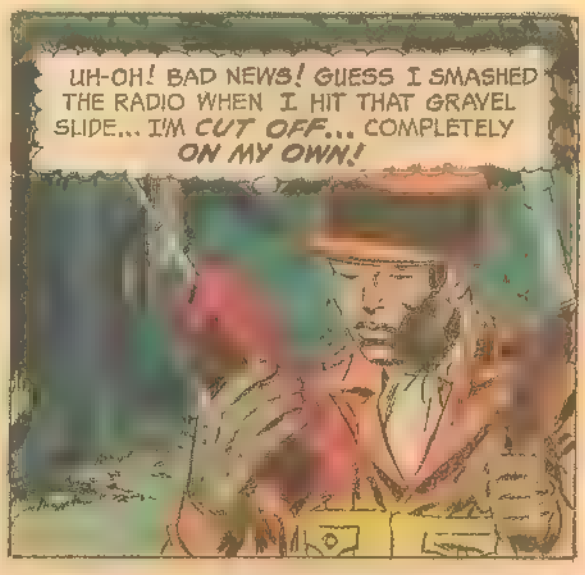
DOWN PLUNGES THE MARS PARATROOPER ..

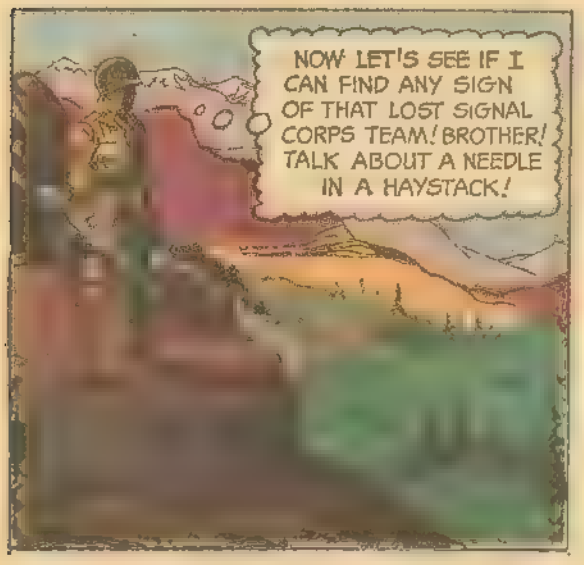

FOR PETE'S SAKE! WHY DOESN'T HE OPEN HIS CHUTE?
HE'S GOT TO OPEN HIS CHUTE AT THE LAST MOMENT OR THE UPDRAFTS IN THESE MOUNTAINS WILL CARRY HIM MILES FROM HIS TARGET!

THEN, ABRUPTLY...

THAT BED OF GRAVEL CUSHIONED THE IMPACT! NOW TO CONTACT BASE AND TELL THEM I'M SAFE!

BIRD-DOG CALLING BASE! BIRD-DOG TO BASE... BASE, DO YOU READ ME?


UH-OH! BAD NEWS! GUESS I SMASHED THE RADIO WHEN I HIT THAT GRAVEL SLIDE... I'M CUT OFF... COMPLETELY ON MY OWN!

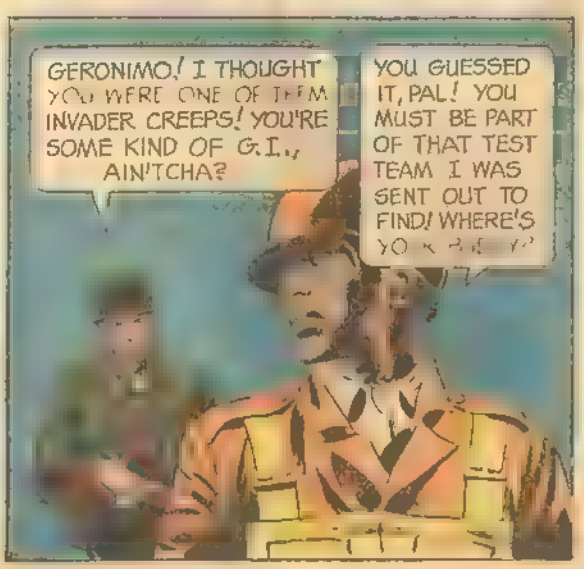

NOW LET'S SEE IF I CAN FIND ANY SIGN OF THAT LOST SIGNAL CORPS TEAM! BROTHER! TALK ABOUT A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK!

WAIT! BUZZARDS... HOVERING OVER SOMETHING ABOUT TWO MILES FROM HERE! THAT COULD SPELL TROUBLE! I'D BETTER CHECK!

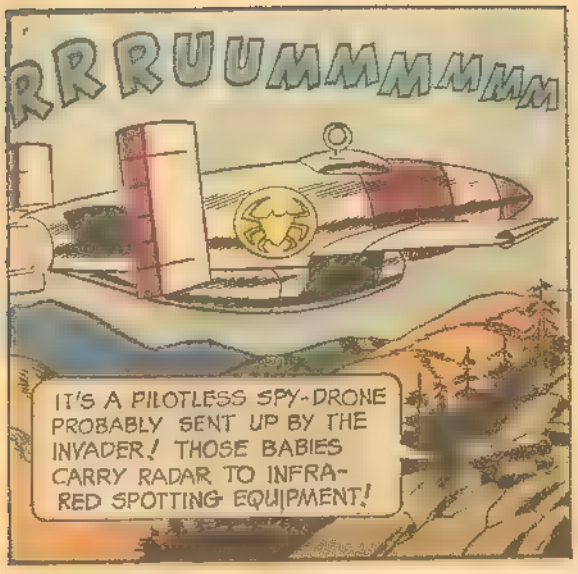
SLIPPING SILENTLY THROUGH THE WILDERNESS STRIKER DISCOVERS...

A RABBIT... CAUGHT IN A FIGURE FOUR DEADFALL! THAT'S A TRAP G.I.'S LEARN TO BUILD IN *SURVIVAL TRAINING!* COULD BE THE GUYS I'M LOOKING FOR FORGOT TO COME BACK TO THIS TRAP!

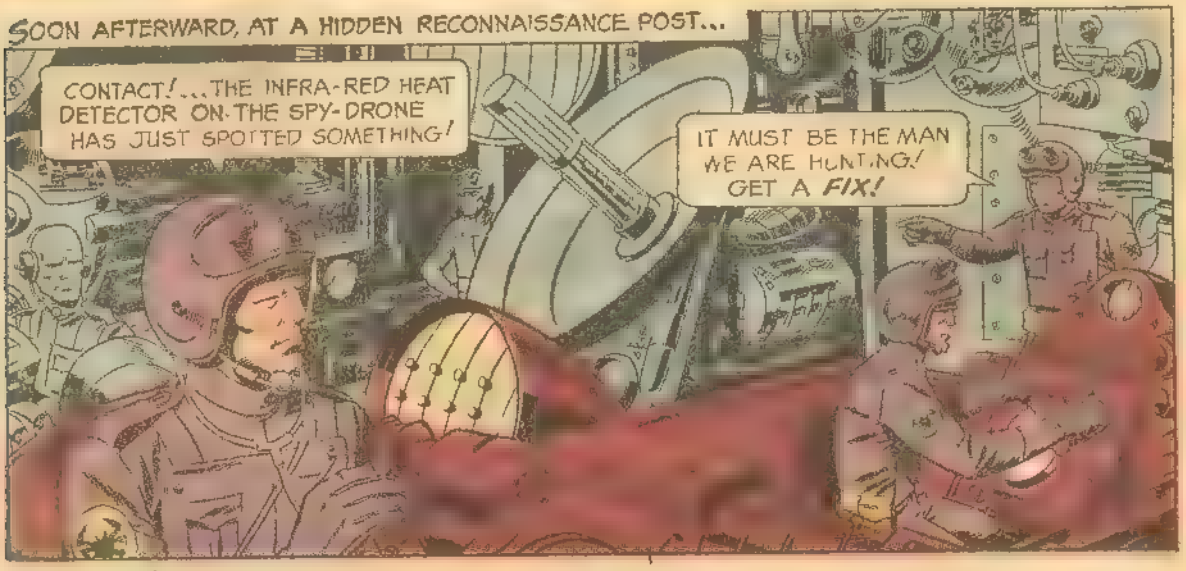
BUT AS STRIKER CLIMBS THE TUMBLED BOULDERS

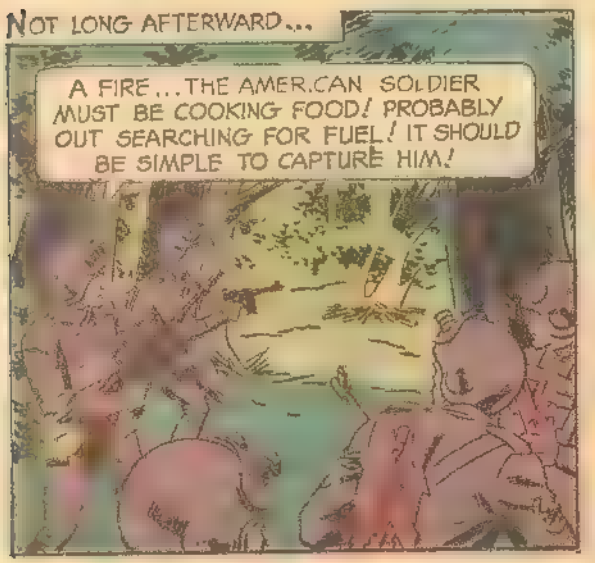

GERONIMO! I THOUGHT YOU WERE ONE OF THEM INVADER CREEPS! YOU'RE SOME KIND OF G.I., AIN'TCHA?
YOU GUESSED IT, PAL! YOU MUST BE PART OF THAT TEST TEAM I WAS SENT OUT TO FIND! WHERE'S YOUR BUDDY?

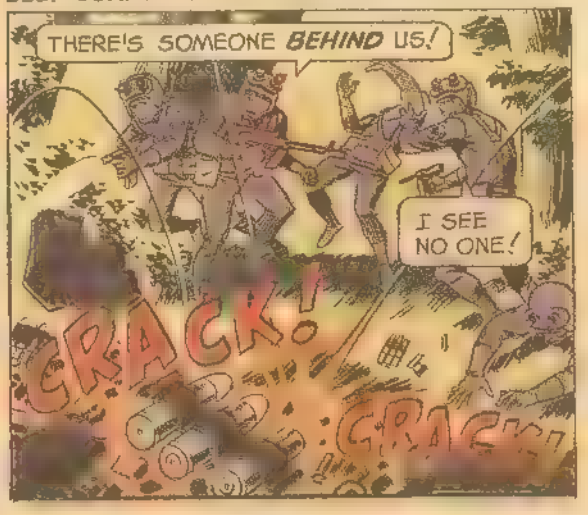
WITHIN A HIDDEN CAVE THE G.I. TELLS HIS STORY..
"WE WERE TESTING OUR COM-RAY.. THAT NEW TIGHT-BEAM COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM, WHEN..."
INVADERS! THEY FOUND SOME WAY TO HOME IN ON OUR BEAM!
"THE FIRST BURST NAILED MY BUDDY, BUT I GOT AWAY..."
BKKRTT!
BEAT IT, STEVE! SAVE THE EQUIPMENT! YAAAHHH!
"YES, I MADE IT.. BUT NOT BEFORE THEY SHOT UP MY COM-RAY TRANSMITTER... AND..."
RAT-TAT-TAT!
OWWW! MY LEG!
AS THE G.I 'S STORY ENDS
THIS EMERGENCY SPLINT SHOULD HOLD TILL A DOCTOR EXAMINES THAT LEG, STEVE!
THANKS, SARGE! HEY, WHAT'S THAT NOISE OUTSIDE?
A RESCUE PLANE! SEND UP A SIGNAL FLARE!
NO! STAY UNDER COVER!


RRRUUMMMMMMM
IT'S A PILOTLESS SPY-DRONE PROBABLY SENT UP BY THE INVADER! THOSE BABIES CARRY RADAR TO INFRA-RED SPOTTING EQUIPMENT!

STEVE! I'VE GOT ME AN *IDEA!*.. WAIT TILL THAT TIN BUZZARD PASSES THIS WAY *AGAIN!*

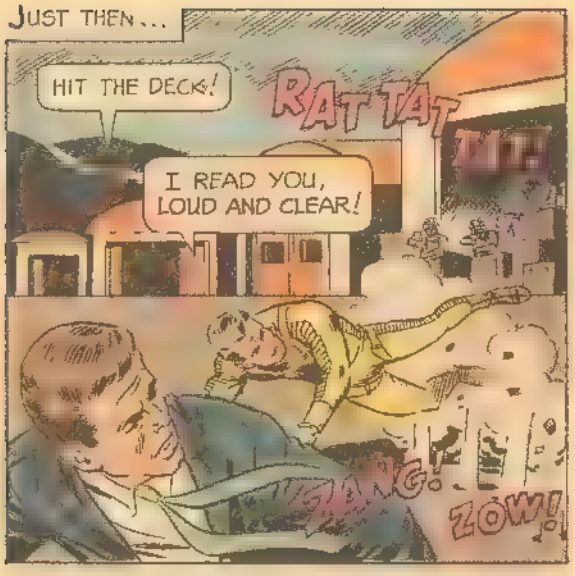

SOON AFTERWARD, AT A HIDDEN RECONNAISSANCE POST...
CONTACT!...THE INFRA-RED HEAT DETECTOR ON THE SPY-DRONE HAS JUST SPOTTED SOMETHING!
IT MUST BE THE MAN WE ARE HUNTING! GET A *FIX!*

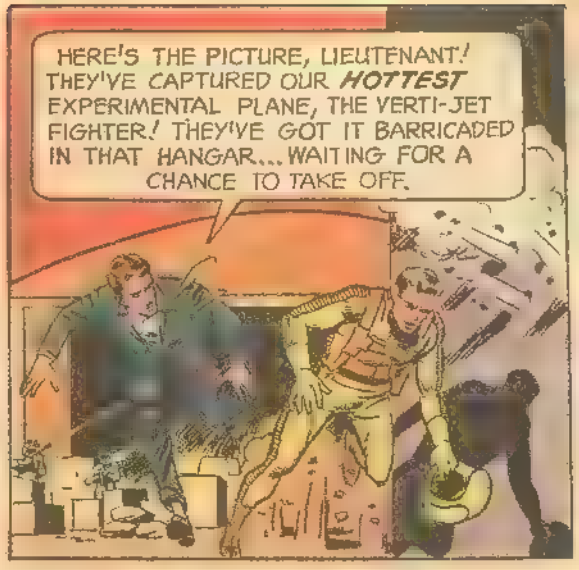

NOT LONG AFTERWARD...
A FIRE...THE AMERICAN SOLDIER MUST BE COOKING FOOD! PROBABLY OUT SEARCHING FOR FUEL! IT SHOULD BE SIMPLE TO CAPTURE HIM!

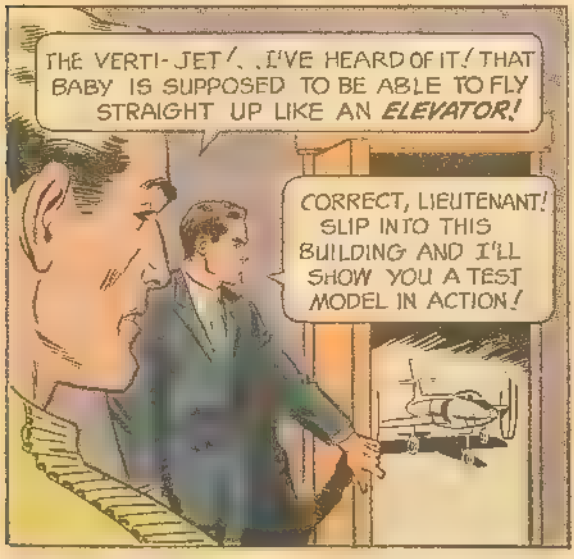

BUT THE INVADERS FAIL TO NOTICE AN AMMO BELT BURIED IN THE GLOWING ASHES, AND...
THERE'S SOMEONE *BEHIND* US!
I SEE NO ONE!
CRACK!
CRACK!

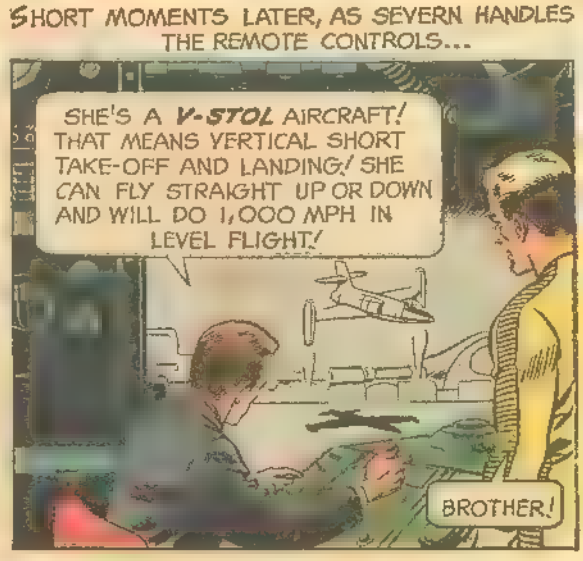
THEN, OUT OF THE UNDERBRUSH...
BLAM!
RATTATTATTATAT!
THAT EVENS IT UP FOR YOUR BUDDY, STEVE!
YOU MARS MEN ARE SURE ON THE BALL, SARGE! NOW, HOW DO WE GET OUT OF THESE MOUNTAINS?
OUR RADIOS ARE KNOCKED OUT! BUT I KNOW ONE COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM THAT MIGHT BRING HELP!
SOON, AT A DISTANT ARMY POST...
SMOKE SIGNALS! IT'S AN SOS FROM STRIKER! REV UP A WHIRLYBIRD!
LATER, AFTER THE STRANDED MEN ARE RESCUED...
SERGEANT, YOU'VE EARNED A FISTFUL OF MEDALS FOR THIS!
THANKS, SIR ...WITH YOUR PERMISSION I'D LIKE TO PHONE A REPORT TO MARS HEADQUARTERS!

AS STRIKER CONTACTS MARS BASE...
SPLENDID WORK, SERGEANT! BETTER HUSTLE BACK HERE ON THE DOUBLE! MARS NEEDS EVERY MAN IT CAN MUSTER!
ATOMIC SUBS, LASER TANKS, COM-RAY RADIO...THESE SNEAK ATTACKS HAVE ONE THING IN COMMON, COLONEL!
YES, GENERAL! THE INVADERS SEEM TO BE AFTER OUR MOST ADVANCED WEAPONS!
I THINK THE INVADERS ARE RUNNING OUT OF HARDWARE! THEY WANT TO COPY OUR LATEST EQUIPMENT!
RIGHT! THAT TIES IN WITH THE SUDDEN EMERGENCY AT STARFIRE AIRCRAFT'S DESIGN PLANT! THAT'S WHY I SENT LT. ADAMS THERE!
AT THAT MOMENT AT THE AIR STRIP OF THE STARFIRE COMPANY...
LT. ADAMS! THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE HERE! I'M MAX SEVERN, SUPERINTENDENT AND CHIEF DESIGNER FOR STARFIRE!
IT HAPPENED ABOUT AN HOUR AGO--AN INVADER COMMANDO TEAM CAME IN BY HELICOPTER!
THEY DIDN'T GET VERY FAR, DID THEY?

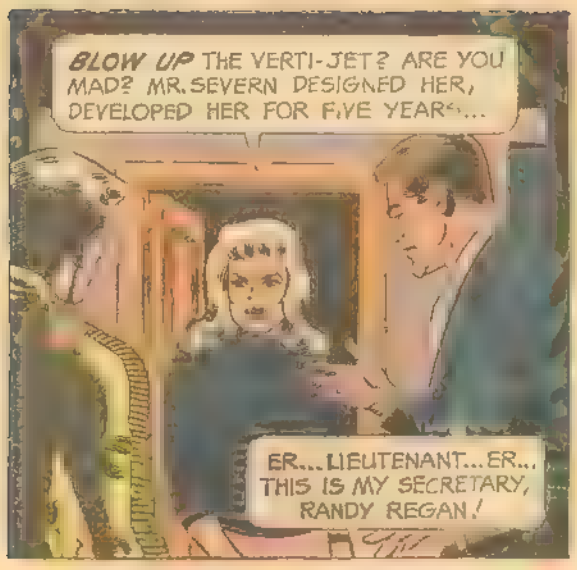

JUST THEN...
HIT THE DECK!
RAT TAT
TAT
I READ YOU, LOUD AND CLEAR!
ZOW!

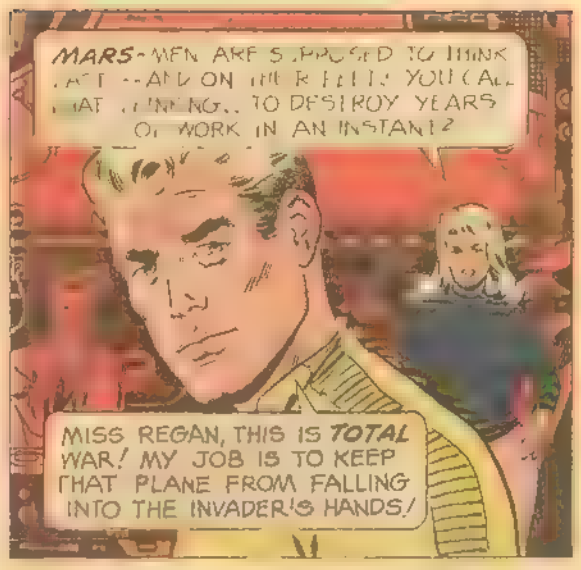

HERE'S THE PICTURE, LIEUTENANT! THEY'VE CAPTURED OUR HOTTEST EXPERIMENTAL PLANE, THE VERTI-JET FIGHTER! THEY'VE GOT IT BARRICADED IN THAT HANGAR... WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO TAKE OFF.

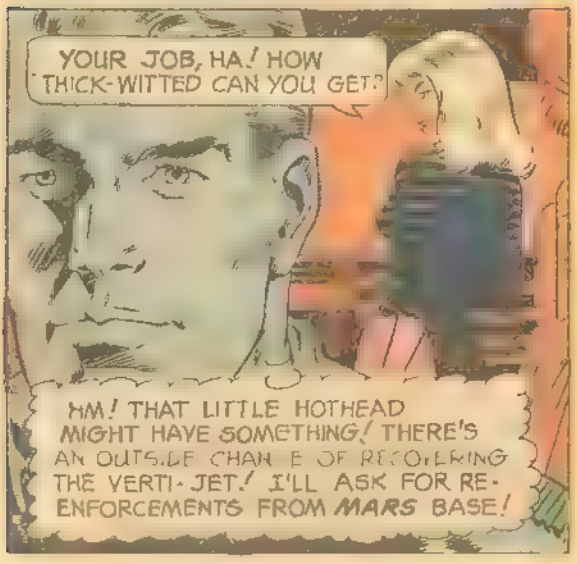

THE VERTI-JET?... I'VE HEARD OF IT! THAT BABY IS SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO FLY STRAIGHT UP LIKE AN ELEVATOR!
CORRECT, LIEUTENANT! SLIP INTO THIS BUILDING AND I'LL SHOW YOU A TEST MODEL IN ACTION!


SHORT MOMENTS LATER, AS SEVERN HANDLES THE REMOTE CONTROLS...
SHE'S A V-STOL AIRCRAFT! THAT MEANS VERTICAL SHORT TAKE-OFF AND LANDING! SHE CAN FLY STRAIGHT UP OR DOWN AND WILL DO 1,000 MPH IN LEVEL FLIGHT!
BROTHER!

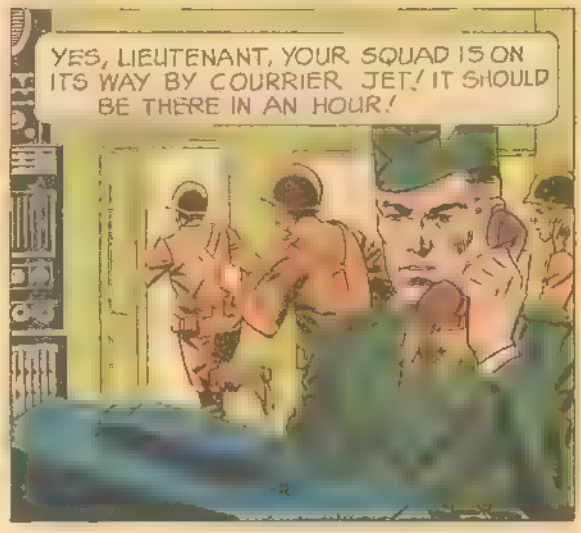
MR. SEVERN, THAT VERTI-JET IS A BOMB! WE CAN'T LET THOSE INVADERS TAKE HER... EVEN IF IT MEANS BLASTING THE HANGAR AND THE PLANE, TOO!
WHAT?


BLOW UP THE VERTI-JET? ARE YOU MAD? MR. SEVERN DESIGNED HER, DEVELOPED HER FOR FIVE YEARS...
ER... LIEUTENANT... ER... THIS IS MY SECRETARY, RANDY REGAN!

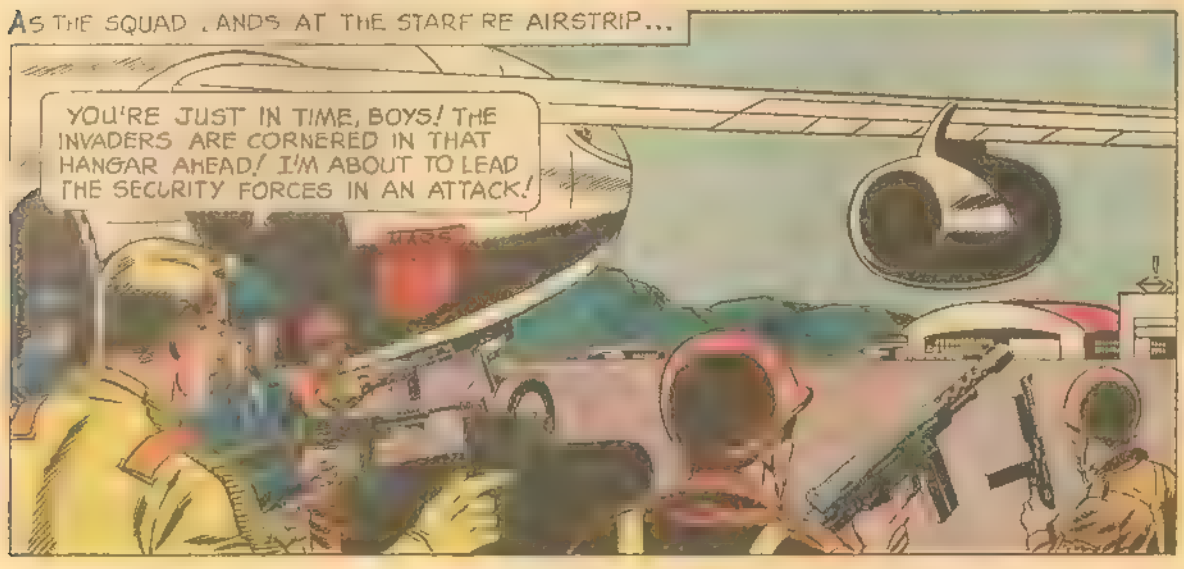

MARS-MEN ARE SUPPOSED TO THINK FAST -- AND ON THEIR FEET! YOU CALL THAT THINKING... TO DESTROY YEARS OF WORK IN AN INSTANT?
MISS REGAN, THIS IS TOTAL WAR! MY JOB IS TO KEEP THAT PLANE FROM FALLING INTO THE INVADER'S HANDS!


YOUR JOB, HA! HOW THICK-WITTED CAN YOU GET?
HM! THAT LITTLE HOTHEAD MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING! THERE'S AN OUTSIDE CHANCE OF RECOVERING THE VERTI-JET! I'LL ASK FOR REENFORCEMENTS FROM MARS BASE!

PRESENTLY, AT HEADQUARTERS...

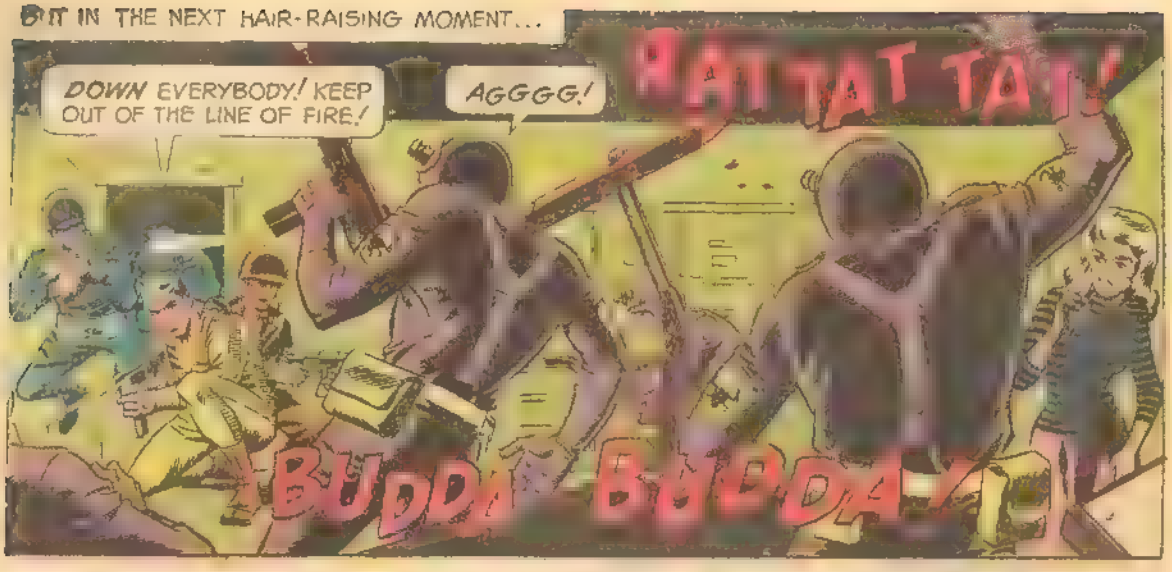


AS THE SQUAD LANDS AT THE STARFIRE AIRSTRIP...

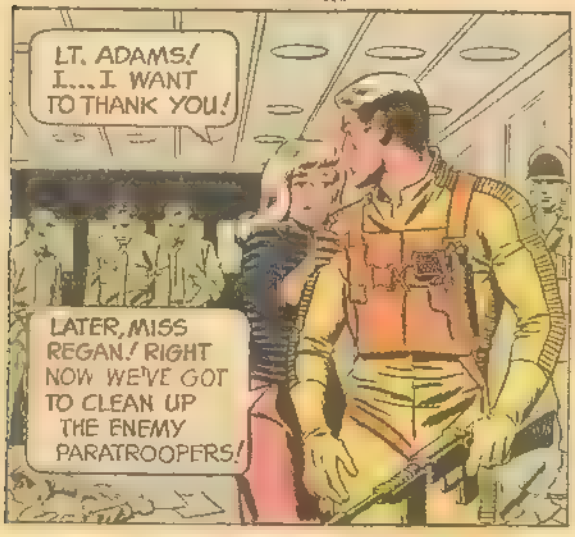


SUDDENLY...
LOOK! THE AIR FORCE THEY SENT A FORMATION OF BOMBERS!
THOSE ARE *TRANSPORT* PLANES, HIRO! AND THEY *AREN'T* OURS!
A LOW-LEVEL PARACHUTE DROP! THE ENEMY IS SENDING IN ADDITIONAL TROOPS TO BACK UP THE TEAM THAT GRABBED THE VERTI-JET!
AS HONORABLE ANCESTOR SAY...DON'T JUST STAND THERE, DO SOMETHING!
RAT TAT TAT!
LET'S GO, *MARS!*
MOMENTS LATER AS CIVILIAN EMPLOYEES ARE TRAPPED IN THE NEARBY DESIGN BUILDING...
EEEEE! INVADERS! THEY'LL KILL US ALL!

BUT IN THE NEXT HAIR-RAISING MOMENT...

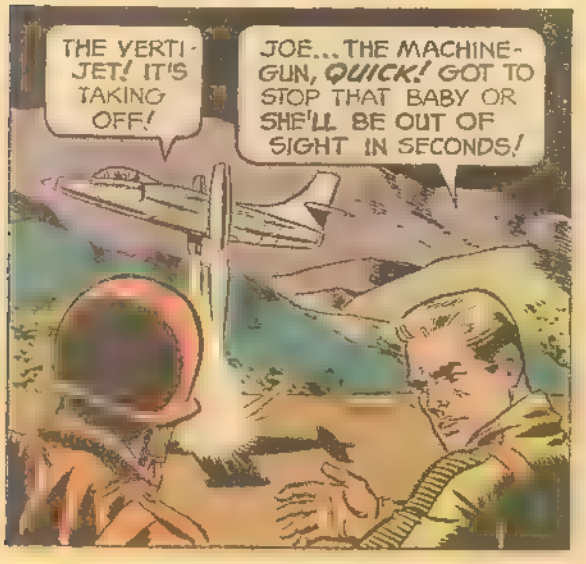


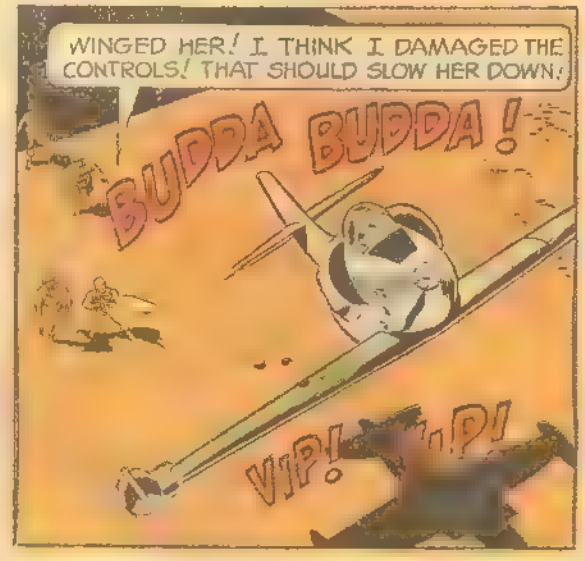
AS THE SKIRMISH ENDS...

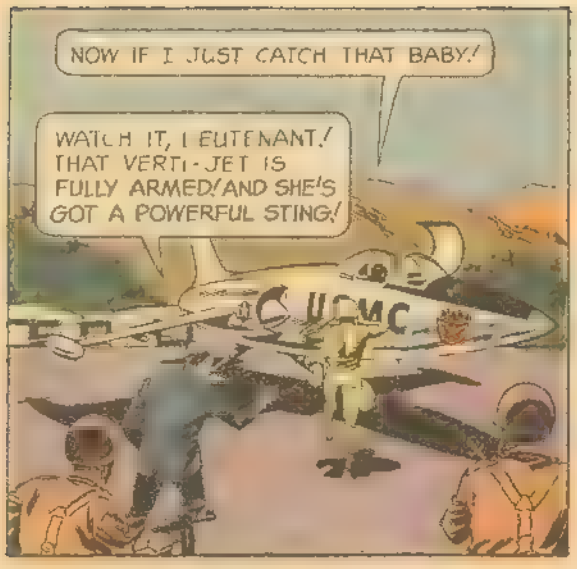


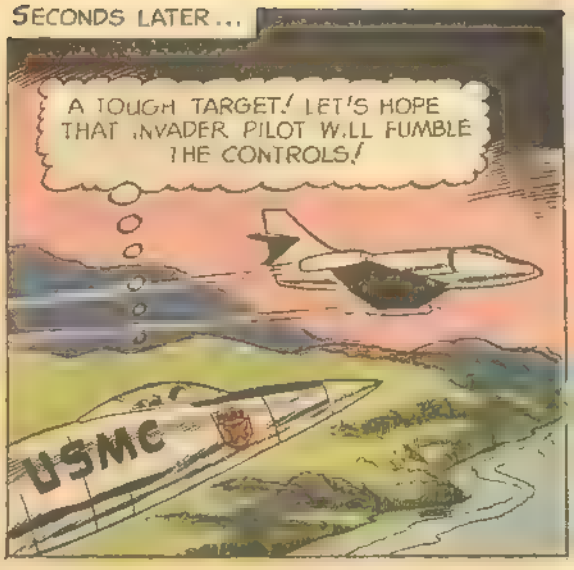
OUTSIDE, NEAR THE AIRSTRIP...

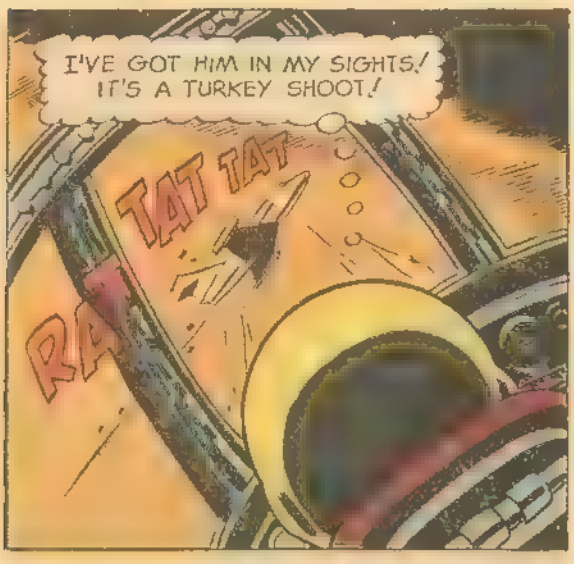
THOSE BUZZARDS HIT A HORNET'S NEST, LIEUTENANT! WE WIPED THEM OUT!
UH-OH! THAT PARATROOP ATTACK WAS A DIVERSION...AND WE FELL FOR IT! LOOK THERE!

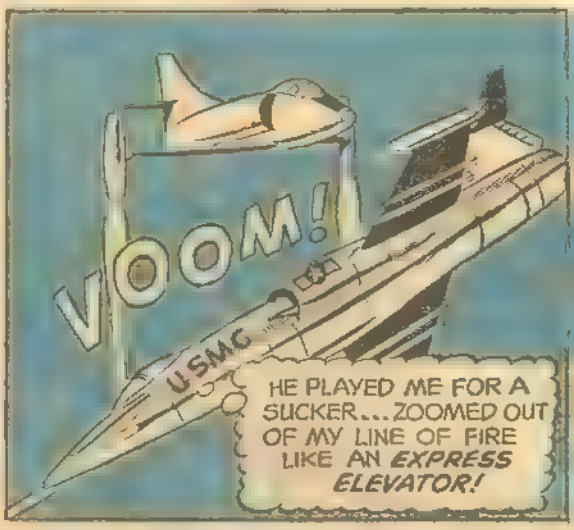


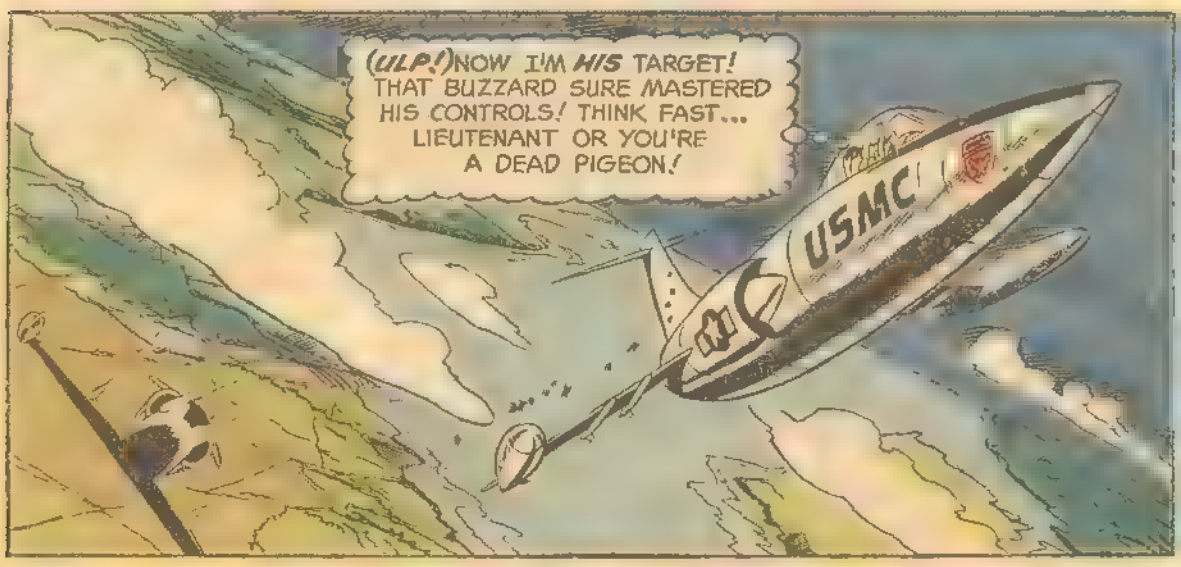


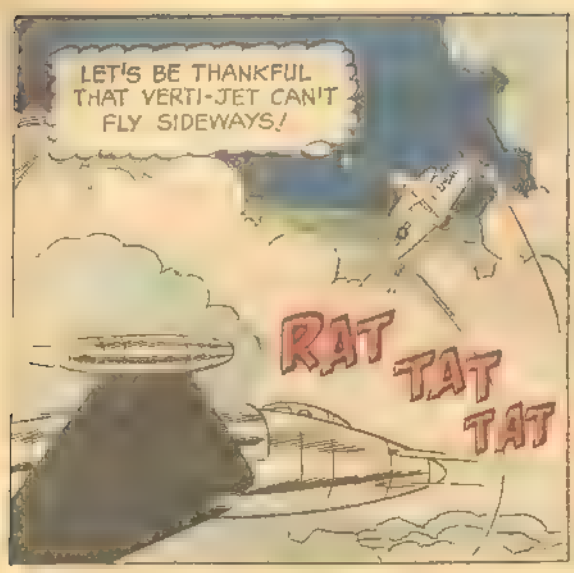

NOW IF I JUST CATCH THAT BABY!
WATCH IT, LIEUTENANT! THAT VERTI-JET IS FULLY ARMED AND SHE'S GOT A POWERFUL STING!
USMC


SECONDS LATER...
A TOUGH TARGET! LET'S HOPE THAT INVADER PILOT WILL FUMBLE THE CONTROLS!
USMC

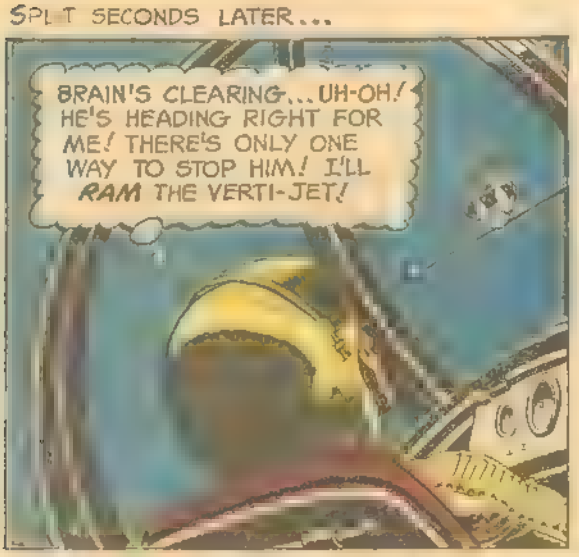

I'VE GOT HIM IN MY SIGHTS! IT'S A TURKEY SHOOT!
RA TAT TAT

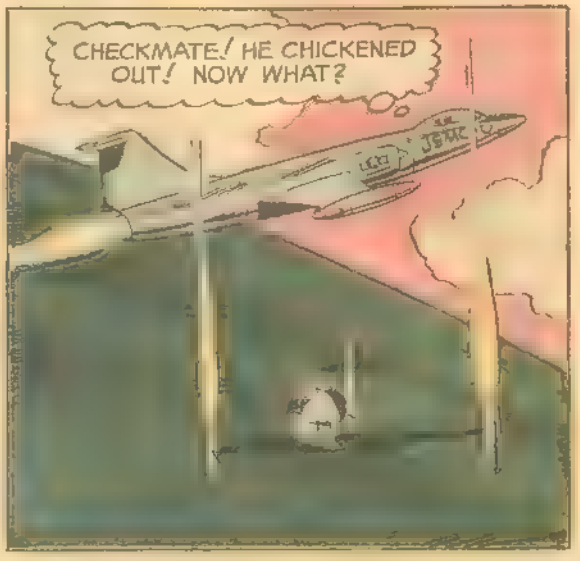

BUT IN THE NEXT INSTANT...
VOOM!
USMC
HE PLAYED ME FOR A SUCKER... ZOOMED OUT OF MY LINE OF FIRE LIKE AN EXPRESS ELEVATOR!

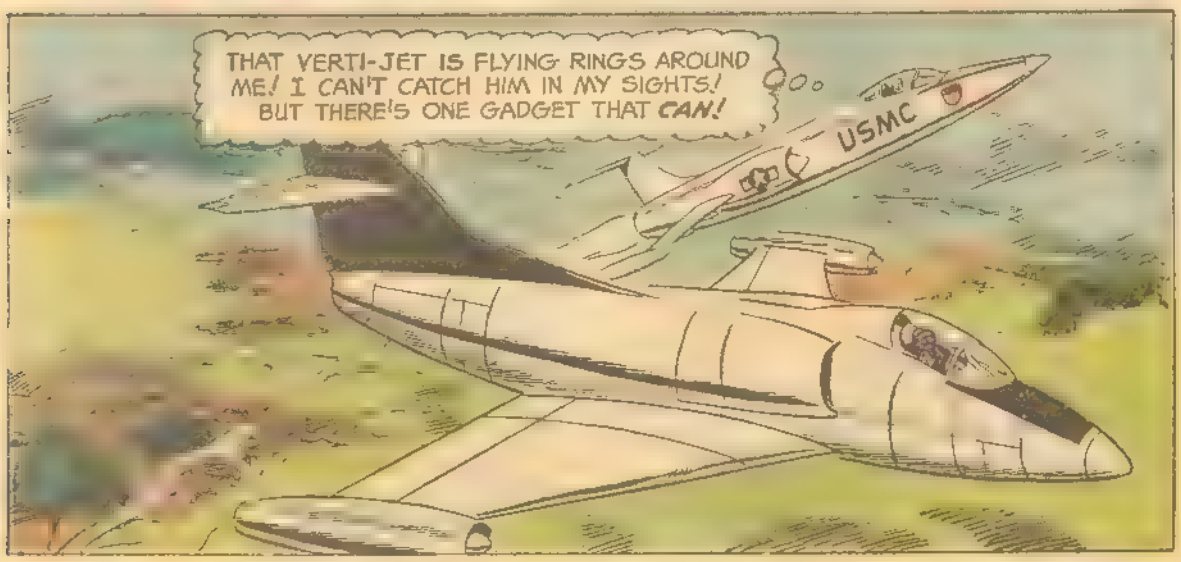

(ULP!) NOW I'M HIS TARGET! THAT BUZZARD SURE MASTERED HIS CONTROLS! THINK FAST... LIEUTENANT OR YOU'RE A DEAD PIGEON!
USMC


LET'S BE THANKFUL THAT VERTI-JET CAN'T FLY SIDEWAYS!
RAT TAT TAT

BUT JUST THEN...
THAT BANKING TURN...TOO FAST
BLACKING OUT! UHHHH!

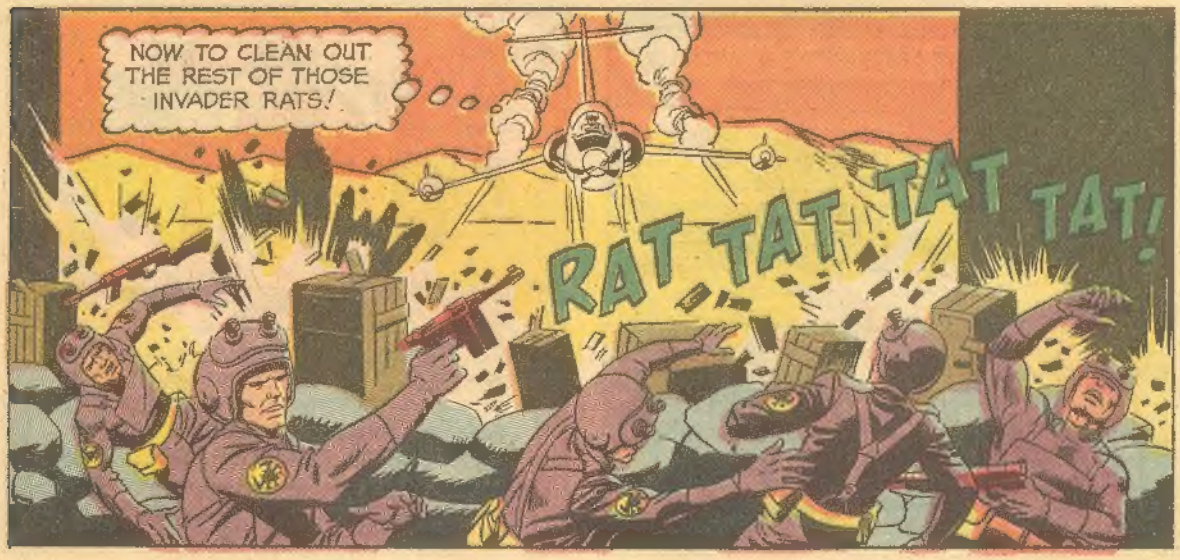

SPLIT SECONDS LATER...
BRAIN'S CLEARING...UH-OH! HE'S HEADING RIGHT FOR ME! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP HIM! I'LL RAM THE VERTI-JET!


CHECKMATE! HE CHICKENED OUT! NOW WHAT?
JET


THAT VERTI-JET IS FLYING RINGS AROUND ME! I CAN'T CATCH HIM IN MY SIGHTS! BUT THERE'S ONE GADGET THAT CAN!
USMC

GUIDED BY INFRA-RED HEAT, THE MISSILES HOME IN ON THE VERTI-JET'S ENGINES, AND...

AS ADAMS CELEBRATES WITH A "VICTORY ROLL"...



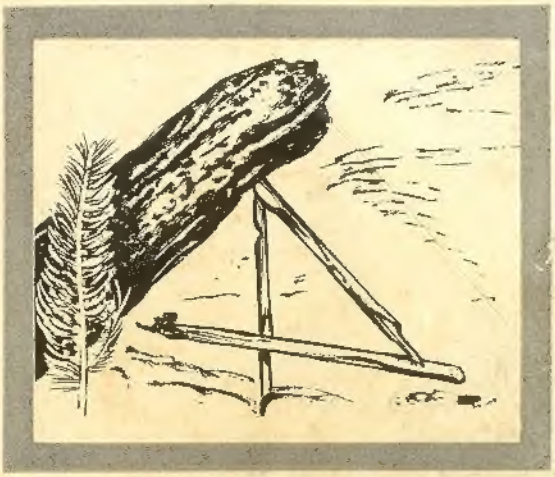
THEN, AS ADAMS LANDS TRIUMPHANTLY...
YOU DID IT, SKIPPER! YOU CLEANED THEM OUT!
LIEUTENANT ADAMS... THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE BACK SAFE! I'M SO GLAD!
USMC
WHAT'S WITH THE CHEERS, MISS REGAN? I'M STILL DOING MY JOB, BUT SUDDENLY I'M A HERO!
A HERO... YOU TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUT OF MY MOUTH!
ALL RIGHT, LET'S GET BACK TO H.Q.!
COME ON, LIEUTENANT! THERE'S A WAR ON! OR DIDN'T YOU KNOW?
WHAT BLAZING NEW ADVENTURE AWAITS THE MARS SQUAD AS THEY SLUG IT OUT TOE TO TOE WITH THE MERCILESS ENEMY? READ THE NEXT EXCITING, HAIR-RAISING ISSUE OF TOTAL WAR!

M.A.R.S. PATROL
TOTAL WAR

SURVIVAL FOR SOLDIERS

In the wilderness, the marooned soldier learns to improvise. A pot carved from a log, is usually heated by the hot stones.

When rations give out, the soldier lives off the country. He is taught to trap and eat even foxes, snakes, alligators and plants.



Army men are taught to make snares and traps like the figure-4 deadfall shown above. Even the slightest touch triggers the trap.

This stranded airman is using parts of a radar reflector to trap crabs along the ocean shoreline. Lives are saved by this method.

Even the wounded help by making slingshots out of willow forks and supplementing the rations with countless small game.

M.A.R.S. PATROL PIN-UP